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BOOTH'S FLIGHT

(From the Washington Star)

There no longer remains any doubt that Booth fractured his leg when he sprang from the President's box upon the stage. It being one of the small bones, it is not probable that he discovered the extent of the injury until next day. On the night of the assassination the confederates of Booth were actively engaged in measures to divert pursuit from the right direction, and a number of horses were turned loose, with no other object than to convey the idea that the assassins were still in the city. The report of Booth's being seen in Pennsylvania was also started by his friends, it is believed; but all such canards were neglected, the detectives steadily and surely tracing the murderer in all his wanderings through Maryland. Early Saturday morning the detectives and military were sent across the Eastern Branch, others following in quick succession, until Prince George's, Charles and St. Mary's counties were fully enveloped. Colonel Ludington, Chief Quartermaster of this Department, was called on to furnish horses, and at one time there was not left at headquarters a single wagon or available horse. The first reliable information concerning Booth was obtained Saturday morning, at Surratt's tavern, about ten miles from the city, on the road to Bryantown. The military first called at this place, but failed to get any definite statement, until the detectives came up. The tavern is owned by Mrs. Surratt, and leased to the old man who keeps it. Upon a close examination, he stated that Mrs. Surratt had been there on Friday afternoon, and left word that two men would arrive during the night who were to be generously provided for. She also directed that two carbines suspended by a string between the plastering of a partition should be given them. Booth and Harrold arrived as expected, and remained until sometime Saturday forenoon; but on leaving Booth declined to take a carbine, stating that he was too lame to carry it. Harrold, however, took one, and the two set out for the lower counties. Upon reaching the neighborhood of Bryantown, near Port Tobacco, Booth's leg became too painful to proceed further, and the services of Dr. Mudd, of that vicinity, were called into requisition. After the fracture had been dressed and Booth had left, the detectived arrested Mudd, who denied all knowledge of the character of his patient. The boot, however, which had been cut off from Booth's foot, the inflammation rendering it impossible to draw it off, was

found, and in it was written in ink, "J. Wilkes", the word "Booth" evidently having been scratched out with a knife. Why any portion of the name was left is a mystery, unless a sudden alarm hurried off the party before the completion of the erasure. The next place Booth and Harrold were heard from was at the house of a Dr. Coxe. The latter, upon being questioned, denied having seen any such parties, but said that three paroled Rebel soldiers had applied there for accommodations, and had been sent away. Coxe's servants, however, all asserted that the two men had staid there over night; that their master had entertained them in the most hospitable manner, and upon their departure next morning gave each a quantity of whiskey.

The detectives came next upon the fugitives near the Sacbiar swamp, in Charles county. There they found a dilapidated shanty occupied by an old colored woman, who stated on that morning that two men, one of them with a crutch, had come out of the woods and asked for something to eat, offering to pay any sum for it. She being afraid of them told them she had nothing, that there were no white people around there, and that they could get nothing to eat in that vicinity. The lame man had then inquired the direction to the great swamp, which she gave, and the two went off. The shanty stands in a small clearing, surrounded on all sides by a dense pine woods, with the exception of one side, bounded by the swamp. The 8th Illinois cavalry and a regiment of colored troops were immediately sent through the swamp in every direction, searching every thicket, but without finding any trace of the assassins, the latter evidently having secreted themselves in the pine woods and made their escape while the swamp was being scoured. On Sunday afternoon Booth and Harrold crossed the Potomac at Swan Point, a short distance below Mathias Point, and passing through Port Royal en route to Louisa Court House, were captured at Garrett's place.

Facts have come to light which show conslusively that Booth and his accomplices had, before carrying their plans into execution, decided upon the routes to be taken in making their escape. Maps, understood to be in possession of the Government, and which are known to have belonged to these parties, bear distinct marks of the routes laid out by them.

Booth and Harrold were to escape to rebeldom and seek Jeff Davis' protection, who was finally to assist them in leaving the country. Harrold, in conversation

with an acquaintance of his who resides in Maryland, some time previous to the murder of President Lincoln made a remark to the effect that there was no extradition treaty between the United States and Spain, a remark that excited no special attention at the time, but in the light of subsequent events it would appear that Booth had himself contemplated shelter somewhere in the Spanish dominions.

Surprise has been expressed that Booth selected such a shallow-pated blab-mouth as Harrold as his nearest accomplice in so terrible a plot. This mystery, we think, may be explained in this way: Harrold, a young man of idle, vagabond habits, was a good shot and capital boatsman, spending much of his time in gunning and fishing excursions in the lower counties of Maryland, acquiring in this way a thorough knowledge of the country, especially its by-paths, forests, swamps and creeks, sought only by the hunter and fisher.

On the outbreak of the rebellion this knowledge made his services valuable in the capacity of guide for blockade runners, and there is no doubt that he has been actively engaged in that business throughout the war. Doubtless he was recommended to Booth as a suitable guide in his flight, and that the acquaintance between them was formed in that way. But for the injury received by Booth in jumping to the stage, in which he was crippled, it is possible that the well arranged plan of escape might have succeeded. But the outraged flag of our country, trampled upon by Booth in his exit from the box, would seem to have been endowed with powers of volition, seizing him by the spur and causing him to fall crippled on the stage, whereby his flight was intercepted and his few days of Cain-like existence made days of agony intense. It is believed that had he not been immediately captured death would have ensued from mortification of his broken leg -- uncared for as it necessarily was and in constant use. Traces at points of his route indicate that he attempted to obliterate the tell-tale marks of his crutch in the earth, whereby his route might be traced, and that he hopped on one leg at other points, not using the crutch, to the same end.

## THE BODY OF BOOTH.

The disposition made or to be made of the body of the assassin Booth is a subject which just now excites much interest. The various papers have each a theory of their own, provided for them by their respective Washington correspondents.

The New York Times declares that after the autopsy by the Surgeon General